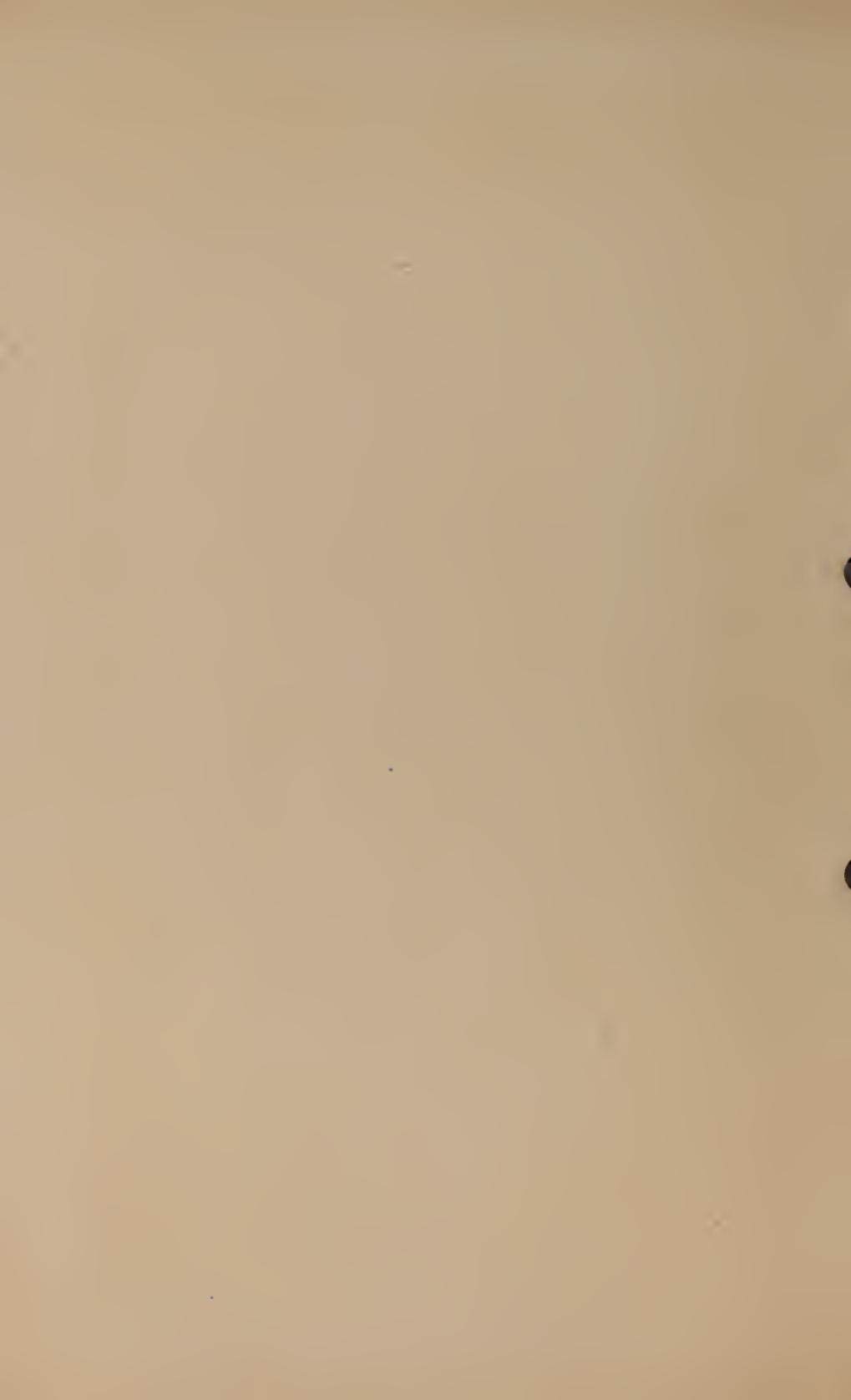


In Memory of
George Leck

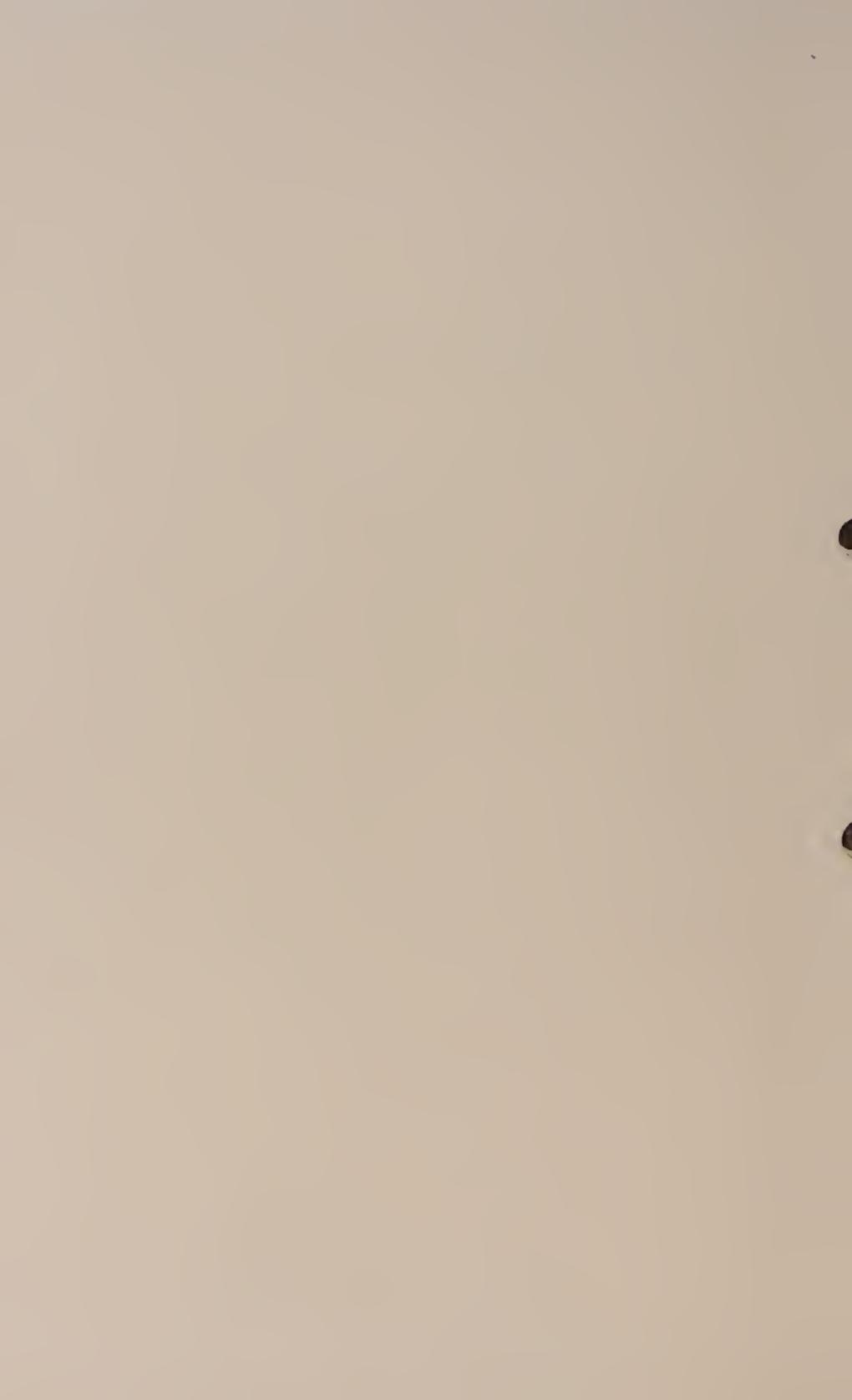


1901.02





REV. GEORGE LECK.



“Let us do the work before us ,
Cheerily, bravely while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh
And with us is not the day!”
WHITTIER.



A Consecrated Life.

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

We have tried to feel that those lines are true, and yet it was difficult to so feel, when a little over a year ago the news flashed across the ocean that Rev. George Leck had died in Korea. We loved him so well that we could not bear to loose him even for a little while. His death seemed to us, in our short sightedness, so untimely and sad.

If they are right in their teachings, who teach that the child inherits from his ancestors something of their physical powers, mental capacities and spiritual talents, then George Leck owed much to his Canadian Presbyterian progenitors, from whom such effectual workers have gone out into the Master's harvest field. His aunt, Mrs. Wachter, is a missionary in Siam, and an uncle is a Presbyterian pastor in Nova Scotia.

George Leck was born at Gay's River, Nova Scotia, September 9, 1870. His parents, both being Christians, early consecrated him to God, and His service. When he was twelve years old he asked for admission to the church of his parents. When he was fourteen he had so serious an illness that his parents despaired of his life. In that dark hour, when death seemed so near,

the family pastor kneeled by the bedside and untied with the parents in prayer that He, who raised the young man at Nain to life, would now heal the sick boy. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and this prayer was answered. George believed, with the rest, that his life was spared in answer to that prayer, and from that day, consecrated himself to the work of Foreign Missions. He believed he had been called to that work and never wavered in his resolution to obey the call.

It is interesting now to recall that when in Auburn Theological Seminary, in March, 1900, he had received his commission from the Board to go to China, and some one spoke dispairingly of Foreign Missions, and especially of the work in China, that George never lost faith in the final outcome of the work there, and said to a friend, "If I was qualified to take Mr. McKinley's position, and had my choice, I would not hesitate one minute. I consider the Foreign Missionary's work to be a far greater honor than to be the President of the United States."

When he was seventeen his parents removed to Minneapolis where they united with the Highland Park Presbyterian Church, where George retained his membership until he, in that same church, was ordained for the gospel ministry by "the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery."

He received his education at the North Side High School, Minneapolis, at Macalester College, where he graduated with honors in 1897, and at Auburn Seminary, where he graduated in the spring of 1900. In all these institutions he did excellent work as a student, and in all was the influence of his manly conduct and the Christlike character felt.

Many incidents are told of the high regard in which

he was held by his fellow students, even while in the high school. It was while a student in the high school that one evening he went down town on some errand and remained longer than was necessary. His good mother, knowing the temptations of the city for a young man, worried because George stayed so long. The only time, it is said, that she did not feel perfectly confident that her boy was where she would wish him to be. He came home late but, to his mother's great relief, told her that he had remained down town to attend a prayer meeting.

While at Macalester he was an active member and worker in the Student Volunteer Band and the college Y. M. C. A. The former organization has placed his enlarged photograph in the college library to remind them of the faithfulness of their departed brother. During his seminary course he worked in the Rescue Mission in Auburn, and many in that city well remember how this servant of God spoke and sang the story of God's love into their hearts and helped them to live better lives. The two summer vacations of his seminary years were spent at Osceola, N. Y., where he preached with great acceptance. The church was small and the work discouraging, but the people all loved him and he them; and he was able to make them feel that he was interested in them and wanted to help them. He won their respect and confidence by the careful preparation he made for his pulpit work, as well as by the earnestness with which he delivered his message, and by his daily walk and conversation. The work grew and he grew in the work. The Lord blessed those summer months.

June 4, 1900, Mr. Leck was ordained by the Presbytery of Minneapolis in his own church. At the same service his classmate, Charles Petran, who is now a

missionary in Mexico, was also ordained. President Steward of Auburn was present and gave the charge to the ordained missionaries. The spirit of the missionaries was most beautifully expressed in the chorus of the hymn sung by one of the young ladies of the church :

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea ;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

That spirit of consecration was manifested in Mr. Leck's life to the very last. On July 18th, the same year, he married Miss Frances B. Oakley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Oakley of Buffalo, Minn., so favorably known in Presbyterian circles of the twin cities. She, too, was imbued with the same interest in foreign missions, and the same loyalty to her Master, and at Macalester College, where they had studied together, they pledged themselves to Mission Work in the Foreign field, and in September sailed for Korea, the Board not thinking it wise to send them to China, on account of the unsettled condition of that country. As they left their home land for the Hermit Kingdom the young missionaries carried with them the prayers and best wishes of a multitude of friends, and in fact of the whole church.

The first year was spent in Pyeng Yang, mostly in the study of the Korean language, and also in doing some missionary work, and when Mr. Lee, in May, 1901, sailed for America, Mr. Leck, who was a carpenter, took charge of the building operations at the station. At the annual meeting at Seoul, where he passed a good examination, Mr. and Mrs. Leck were assigned to the newly-opened station of Syen Chyun. They lived in the house of Mr. Whittimore while their own

house was being built. Some preparations were already made for the same when he, on the 12th of November, left Mrs. Leck and started on his first missionary trip into the interior, accompanied by Mr. Nyang, the elder in the Syen Chyun church, and his faithful "boy" Ke Wha, who remained with him to the very last moment. This man, known among the missionaries as Ke Wha, had been Mr. Leck's servant at Pyeng Yang, and went with him to the new field. It was he who was able to give Mrs. Leck the best report of the last illness and what took place during those long and sad days of waiting. This trip was not only the first, but also the last, trip for the Lord in this world, for on his way back, when he had traveled 470 miles, he reached what is known as the American mines, on December 14, and the following day was taken sick with what proved to be smallpox. It was, in the seeming great misfortune, fortunate that he was taken sick there, for he had there the care of both doctor and nurse. But his work on earth was ended, and on Christmas day, while the Christian world was singing "Glory to God," the angels of heaven rejoiced in the glorification of one of the earth's nobles, for the Master, "whose he was and whom he served," had called George Leck to his reward. His letters to his wife on the last trip were full of joy in finding many believers, and of enthusiasm for the work. When it was discovered that Mr. Leck had the smallpox, the physician at the mines telegraphed for Dr. Welles at Pyeng Yang, who made the trip, but did not reach the mines until the day after Mr. Leck's death.

Rev. Whittemore of Syen Chyun was at that time at Eui Ju on a missionary trip. He at once left for the bedside of his sick fellow-laborer, and in the middle of the winter, through a roadless country, he traveled a

distance of 140 miles, much of the time on foot, and reached the mines December 23. All that could be done for Mr. Leck had been done, but on Christmas evening the Lord called him home.

George Leck had a strong physique; was a man of many talents; a diligent student; an interesting preacher; besides preaching the gospel, he had the additional gift of a fine voice with which he effectually sang the gospel into men's hearts. He was of a happy, hopeful disposition, thorough in his work, and perfectly consecrated to the cause for which he labored so faithfully, and for which he gave his life.

Friendly hands buried the heart of David Livingstone on the shore of Lake Bangweolo in his beloved Africa, in the country his heart loved best, and for which he gave his life. Friendly hands buried the earthly remains of George Leck at Chitlabalbi, in his beloved Korea, the land where he began his work in obedience to the Master's command, "Go ye." His work seemed but just begun, but when the call came he was found at his post of duty. He had done what he could. That lonely grave in Korea will always be a spot dear to the Presbyterian Church, for there lies buried one of her noblest sons and most faithful workers.

Mr. Leck left his young wife to care for, and to bring up their young son, George Oakley Leck, born in Korea, March 28th, 1902. They are now at her former home in Buffalo, Minn., where she has taken up the work as in former days, realizing that the Lord needs workers at home as well as abroad.

While many hearts are sad because of our loss, we are glad that we have known Mr. Leck, we are better Christians for having seen his strong character, and better workers for having witnessed his Christlike life.

We try to feel that,—“Perhaps tears were sent to wash the lenses of the eyes that we may the more clearly see the realm cyrstaline that abides in permanence beyond.”

Memorial services were held for him at several places. At Pyeng Yang station the prayer meeting was turned into a memorial service. At Syen Chyun there was held a memorial service in Korean. In his own Highland Park Church, in Minneapolis, there was held a memorial service, where his aunt, Mrs. Wachter of Siam, President Wallace of Macalester College, and others spoke in most commendable words of the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. The annual letters of his seminary class were also published as a memorial.

J. H. S.

The First Trip.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

In the last two weeks I have had a trip in the country in company with Mr. Lee, who was visiting some of the churches, or groups, in his charge. In a sense it might be called “My First Itinerating Trip.” My time was necessarily given to language study, and my part in the real missionary work was only that of an observer. However, it affords an opportunity of showing you something of the nature of the work I have been given the privilege of doing.

Just before we started our pictures were taken and they give some idea of our appearance in our missionary work in Korea. The method of traveling in Korea at first seems strange to a Westerner. Our provisions, bedding, clothing, etc., are carried on a small pony. The Koreans load the little animal down with the name “horse,” but he is not worthy of such dignity. In addition to our pony, for each traveler’s outfit, are the

saddle animals. We took our bicycles and so needed but the two horses. Each pony has a leader who always leads, never drives his steed. Each one of us had a boy-servant to do our cooking and look after our belongings. My teacher also accompanied us, so you see we were a company of no small proportion.

The first place we were to visit was twenty miles to the southwest of Pyeng Yang. Starting early in the morning, we rode along very nicely over the narrow paths called roads, for the first six or eight miles; but the sun grew warm and soon thawed the red clay path, and then trouble began. We would ride a little while, dismount, remove the clay from the wheel, walk a while, and sit down and wonder what was best to do next. The mud was so sticky, and the wheels clogged and absolutely refused to turn. About this time a Korean laborer appeared. We persuaded him to carry our bicycles, and we walked for the next ten miles. In a few hours the sun dried the clay and about 2 P. M., we finished our first day's journey as we began it. When we were yet fully a mile from the village, the leader of the group met us and with him were a number of the Christians all eagerly awaiting the arrival of the moksa, or pastor. All along the way from that point were Koreans coming out to meet us. The younger men and the boys, as they met us, would turn and run, endeavoring to keep up with us as we rode, all the time laughing and talking in their excitement over the strange machines we were riding. We were royally received, and for a while the little house in which we stayed was thronged with Koreans, all desiring to get a sight of the foreigners.

I spent an hour that evening and all the next morning sitting on the floor with six or eight Koreans, all desiring to help me and as anxious to teach me as I

was to learn; and they would sit and wait their turn to give me a new word or phrase. This is indeed an interesting way of studying a language. This together with a taste of the work awaiting me, makes even the getting of this hard language a fascinating work. In the meantime, Mr. Lee was examining candidates for the catechumenate class and also for baptism. The next morning at 11 o'clock we went to the little room they call church and had a service. Twelve were received as catechumens and four were baptized. That little service was one that no one could forget. The Sacrament of The Lord's Supper was so helpful, and the Koreans enjoy it so much. We were all seated on the floor in a room with the roof too low to allow us to stand erect. The bread and wine were on a little low Korean table. The wine was in an ordinary china bowl. There were no elders to pass the emblems of the broken body and shed blood. All very simple and primitive, but do you doubt that Christ was there warming our hearts and causing us all to rejoice because of his love unto us in giving us such a gospel?

Shortly after the service we started on our journey to the next group of Christians. Many of the people followed us as we started, and, after bidding us good bye, stood in a group on an elevation of ground and watched us until we were out of sight. I will not attempt to give you every detail of the trip. The experiences in the different places were very much alike. We always, with the above exception, made our home in the little rooms they call "church." The Korean houses are not heated as ours at home are. The floors are made of flat stones and mud, and the fire is built under the floor. The floors are covered with Korean straw matting and you cannot imagine how comfortable it is to sit on these warm floors after a hard, cold ride

We visited one little village, away off the main road among the hills, where Mr. Lee had never been before, and there met an old woman who had in some way heard of the Gospel. She told us that she had thrown away all the emblems of spirit worship as useless (and she had made use of them for fifty years), and was looking for her help in a God of Love. Mr. Lee examined her and found that although she as yet knew very little of the Bible, she was sincere; and with a radiance in her dark, wrinkled, dirty face she told us that she was trying to worship God, and knew that Jesus loved her. She had gathered around her quite a number and told them all she knew of the wonderful story. Was not that evidence enough that the love of Christ was in her heart? It was beautiful to see the radiance that glistened in her face as the water of baptism was sprinkled on her tangled mass of gray hair. She said she was sure she was going to heaven and was just waiting for the time. She was over sixty years of age, but was indeed a bright light in that darkened village among the mountains.

The next morning we rode three miles in a blinding snow storm. The storm only lasted an hour, but we got it all. We spent Sunday in a very quiet little village, and the Sabbath rest in those surroundings was very refreshing. The next day we traveled fifteen miles in sleet and rain and came to the largest group of the whole trip. There was to be a sort of harvest festival, all the churches in the country of which this place, Chung-Wha is the magistracy, were to come together for a service of thanksgiving. Each little group sent its representatives, and instead of bringing the fruits of harvest, grain, etc., they brought well-filled subscription papers which were more easily carried through the rain and mud. The offering in all amounted to eighty yen,

about forty dollars in American gold, enough to support a man and woman helper for the district, who are to go from place to place in evangelistic effort. The service was a delightful one. The people were all rejoicing that they could come and give offering and thanks unto the God who had recently done so much for them.

From this place we were to go in the direction of home, and here our hard traveling really began. We were to go to one other place and have a wedding. The wheeling was not good when we started, and it grew worse as we went on. The mud was so bad, finally, that we could not even push our wheels, but fortunately we were in sight of the village and carried them. Now for the wedding. Words fail me in writing the description of a Korean wedding. It was not, however, strictly Korean. The parents of the parties were Christian and so the ceremony was Christian. There were no specially invited guests, every one in the village who cared to come was there. We were covered with mud from our morning's trip, from head to foot, and a beautiful pair we were to attend the wedding and perform the ceremony; but we were soon very much at ease, and concluded before it was over, that had we been clean and neatly dressed, we should have been altogether too conspicuous. In the small yard between the dirty old house and a so-called barn, there was some straw scattered over the miry mud; over this was spread a few mats, and this was the scene of the event. When we arrived the whole space was thronged with people of every description. There were, to begin with, exactly a dozen dirty-faced, crying babies in their mother's arms. The boys and girls, racing around in the mud, each trying to get the best position for a sight of the proceedings, were innumerable. There were

men of all descriptions and callings, who had left their work for an hour to attend the wedding. As we were guests of honor, we had a place in the middle of the throng. When we had pushed our way through the crowd we found the groom standing on the matted square with his eyes looking towards the ground. He stood there perfectly motionless for fifteen minutes, waiting for the bride-elect to appear. At the end of that time a covered chair borne by two men came, and the young lady, dressed in all the colors you can think of that do not go well together, appeared and took her place at the opposite side of the open space, turned her back on the groom and they were married. When about half way through the ceremony, a young rooster in some way got into the enclosure, and finding that he was surrounded by people, began to travel around quite lively, ran over the minister's feet, tried to hide in the bride's dress, cackled and made a great fuss. I do not know whether this part had been previously arranged or not, but it certainly added to the occasion. When the ceremony was over the bride was conducted into the house, and the groom sometime later went his way. I suppose it was the first Christian wedding that the people in that village had ever seen. Some of the actions were odd to us, but it means much that they were willing to break from time-honored customs even as much as they did. It was raining when we started on. At first we rode on top of the packs on the ponies, but Mr. Lee's horse stumbled and off he came and after that we walked in the mud and rain.

We were almost dead when we reached our stopping place for the night, but the warm Korean floor and some good food soon revived us. The next morning the weather was freezing cold, and mud and water everywhere were frozen hard. We started before daybreak

with our bicycles, and faced a strong freezing north, wind for fifteen miles, riding about half way and we were home. It was an extremely interesting experience, and it was a comprehensive experience in itinerating work. We had all kinds of weather, warm, sunny days, snow, rain, hard and rough frozen roads, and cold bitter winds. We traveled in every way possible in Korea, except on an ox's back. We rode some on the saddle, a little on the pony's back, rode on the wheel, and walked. I cannot tell you of the joy that came to me as I contemplate such service as I have seen while on the trip. Every Korean Christian is a herald. The missionaries have all they can do in receiving and examining inquiries. The Koreans themselves do all the seed sowing, we can only visit the groups, encourage and strengthen them, and occasionally weed out those whom Satan overcomes. Could you ask for a more happy life than this? We visited in all nine groups, receiving twenty-five catechumens, and baptized twelve, and least of all learned some Korean. I can never thank God enough for continuing to strive with me until I was willing to do foreign work. I realize now how miserable my life would have been had I refused to obey His voice. It is glorious to be honored of God as I have been. May He bless you all in your work.

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE LECK.

Pyeng Yang, Korea.

Notes from the diary kept on the last trip.

Nov. 12. Koa Shyung County, Sai Tyang, 60 li out. Arrived Nov. 12. Fair day. Examined through Nyang Chosa (helper) two men for the catechumenate and received them. Had service in the evening, about twenty-five in attendance: quite a number of believers.

Nov. 13. Traveled all day north and east. Arrived at a little church after dark, having gone 80 li. Only one baptized man in group. In the morning received six catechumens. The day's journey was delightful, most beautiful. Streams and mountains charming. A young group, although all sincere believers. This group is in Sak Ju County, Syo Pal Yung Church.

Nov. 14. Left Syo Pal Yung at one o'clock and traveled 30 li, stopping at Tai Koan, Sak Ju County, where there is one household of ten believers, the only believers in the place. Had some trouble to get a room.

Nov. 15. Started early: a beautiful morning. The mountains and valleys charming. They spoke volumes of the power and love of God. Stopped for lunch on the side of a very high mountain pass. Shot a pigeon in the morning. Saw a part of the old wall that Koreans built for defense from Chinese 2,000 years ago. Came over the highest pass yet. Met Whittemore near the Sak Ju wall in the afternoon, and with him all the school-boys and many Christians came out to meet me. Sak Ju, a walled city on a narrow plain among the mountains 35 li from the Yalu river or Chinese border.

Nov. 16. Morning: room very cold. They almost smoked us out in trying to warm it. Tried to teach some singing for fifteen minutes in the morning. A man came in and told us how much he wanted to be a believer, but was too weak to endure rebukes of friends and relatives.

Nov. 17, Sunday. Sunday School in the morning. Communion service in afternoon. Six people baptized. This was practically the last meeting of the class, and it was a splendid meeting. Mr. Whittemore and I went for a short walk after the service. Also a meeting after supper, and a few of the men spoke, stating how they had enjoyed and profited by the class. Sent a letter to Frances by Syen Chyen leader.

Nov. 18. Spent the whole day in Sak Ju Kol. Expected to start this A. M., but it rained all day and snowed toward evening. Spent the day in study, wrote an additional note to Frances. Cold is a little worse, otherwise am well.

Nov. 19. Woke with an awful cold, pains all through my body: nevertheless started and traveled 40 li over the highest mountain pass yet. Suffered on the way. Had first view of Yalu river. Reached the little group in Chyang Shyung Kol at one o'clock. Made ready for a sweat, and suffered all night: some better in the morning. A weak group in Chyang Shyung Kol, apparently no desire to grow; bought no books, etc.

Nov. 20. Woke somewhat better, but with a very sore throat. Started at ten o'clock and traveled 25 li. Stopped at the Chyang Shyung, U Tung Church, a flourishing group, three baptized men, almost twenty believers in all. Received five women for the catechumenate. One old woman sixty-three years old, when asked about the manner of Christ's death, burst into tears and answered with the tears running down

her wrinkled cheeks. Another woman, found to be a strong believer, lives 20 li from the church and away from all believers; even her own household do not believe, but she has stood all opposition for three years, and comes out strong. How mighty the Spirit's power! One woman, the second wife or concubine of Moon Syabang's father, is a strong believer; desires very strongly release from master, but he won't grant it. Received her as a catechumen. Much better at night; throat still sore.

Nov. 21. Much better; started early in the morning and traveled 60 li along the Yalu, and stopped at a heathen town, no believers, Pyak Tan. For the balance of the day and night many apparently very much interested in the Gospel message. Helper Nyang sick, but Han, who goes as far as next stop, preached to eager listeners from three P. M. until nine P. M., hardly stopping to eat. Sold two Testaments and two hymn books and a few small books. Our "Chouin" (landlord) was an enterprising young business man for a Korean. For instance, we gave him an empty fruit can and he has taken it out in front of his store and it is now the drawing card of the whole town. No one here ever saw anything like it before. My interest in the work increasing: wish more and more that I could talk, but while my faithful Koreans preach, I pray. The next morning one man begged us to stay and see that no evil came to his household when he threw away the spirit worship or "quisin." We wrote for a Korean Christian 60 li down the road to come. The man is going to abandon spirit worship and worship God.

Nov. 22. Started early in the morning and came over the most beautiful mountain passes and through small valleys hidden among the hills. The mountain climbing is difficult, but the reward of climbing is the beautiful sight as we look over; then we make as it were

another dive into the hills and rise again on top of another mountain pass and see even greater beauty beyond. We would travel up one mountain stream to its source, and, going over the ridge, follow another down from its source. When we had traveled 40 li we came to the home of a Christian, who, having heard of our coming, had our meal ready for us. While there one old fellow came in and asked how old I was, a very common question. I told him and he exclaimed "I thought you might be fifty from your bald head." When nearly to our stopping place for the night, Han Chosa being a little ahead, I began to overtake him: I came upon him in a sharp turn of the road by a brook side, earnestly praying. These men in their earnest lives are an inspiration to me; they let no chance slip of speaking for Christ. Arrived at Pyuk Tong, Koan Myun at dark.

Nov. 23. Arose feeling well. We are in such a deep valley or among such high mountains that we did not see the sun until nine o'clock. Did not do much work during the day: were waiting for men to come in who were to be examined for catechumenate. Had service in evening. Became acquainted with some of these sturdy mountaineers.

Nov. 24, Sunday. A beautiful day, but cold. Began examining for catechumenate as soon as men came. Had Bible study at 11:30 and regular service at 3 P. M. when we received ten people as catechumens. Here I made my first attempt at receiving, giving the questions in Korean, etc. Had a splendid day, people all so eager to learn. Among the men received, one man 60 li from place of meeting, the only believer in family or tribe of five houses, was not moved by persecution and rebukes because of refusing to work on Sunday, although far from any one to sympathize with. One

man, a grave-finder formerly, when he heard the Gospel gave up such superstitious work, although his only means of livelihood, and such a profession is a money-making one, burned all his books, which he might have sold for thirty nyang but would not because some one else would follow the business, travels on Sundays 40 li over high mountains, no roads, sixty-five years old, only believer in family, a strong believer. Received an old woman seventy-three years of age.

Nov. 25. Started at daybreak, the Christians coming down the road a way to bid us goodbye. Travelled 65 li and stopped at Cho San, Nam Pai Chan. Had a hard time to get a place to sleep: finally secured a room in a farmer's house. The few listeners to our preaching seemed interested, came in the morning at five o'clock either from curiosity or interest. One said he would believe.

Nov. 26. Started at daybreak; came through some of the most beautiful mountain scenery yet seen, perpendicular walls of rock running along the whole mountain side. All the beauty and grandeur spoke to us of the power and steadfastness of our God, and we were struck with the pitiful condition of the people living in the midst of such beauty and not knowing the Maker of it all. Came on the main road running between Kang Kei and Wonsan about 12:30 P. M.; reached Pyeng Tyang in Cho San County at one o'clock; went direct to the house of a believer, Yi Sybang, the brother of the leader in Pak Chun. Found a group in all of nine believers, nearly all of a good mind, but weak in knowledge of the first principles of Gospel. Examined four for the catechumenate in the evening. I was very tired; went to bed early. Shot two pigeons and a pheasant during the day.

Nov. 27. Spent the day with the small group just

mentioned; found some interesting characters. Many of them, when asked why they first believed, referred to the first believer, Yi, as the instrument by which they were led. He has gathered out of the heathen among whom he lives nine who have given up idols and love Jesus. Would it not be grand to be such a light even in the midst of the mountains of North Korea, away from all civilization but where God's presence is very real? Received three men as catechumens. Had a Bible study, Romans VI, in the afternoon, and regular prayer-meeting service in the evening.

Nov. 28. Started by moonlight in the morning and came over the most difficult mountain pass yet crossed on account of ice. The day was very cold, but about 10 A. M. we came on the main road leading to Cho San Kol and had good road. At noon I opened the box put in by Frances for Thanksgiving Day. Travelled 85 li and came to a little group of twenty-seven believers in Cho San, Yang Tyun Ni about 7 o'clock in the evening. Was tired, but otherwise in good condition. This is a farming community in a narrow valley 15 li off the main road to the Kol eastward. Believers live quite close together, one being 20 li away. The leader was away, but came the next morning.

Nov. 29. Spent the day in Cho San, Yang Tyun Ni, in becoming acquainted with the people and examining candidates for catechumenate. Found the group an intensely interesting one, nearly all sincere believers. One old man came away from his home in Cho San Kol on account of the persecution of his people, and lives here alone, a strong believer. The first believer is an interesting man. There are now twenty-seven believers, nearly all of whom were brought into the light by this man. Had service in the evening and received thirteen catechumens.

Nov. 30. Started at nine o'clock in the morning and reached Cho San Kol at 1 P. M. Found a group of five believers. Began at once the examination of catechumens. At dark thirteen men came from Yang Cha Tong in China, having heard of our coming, and reported a group of forty believers in that place. Their coming so soon after our arrival caused some stir in the old dead town. People began to wonder what had struck the place. Their coming increased the interest greatly. There are many inquirers in the Kol. Received three men as catechumens.

Dec. 1, Sunday. Was awakened before six o'clock by the Christians singing hymns in a house near by. Began the examination of the men from China in the morning; found them all strong men, some of them ready for baptism. Received twelve. One old man came the whole distance, 60 li, and is seventy-one years old; is very strong in faith. Had Bible study in the morning, service in the afternoon and evening. Received sixteen catechumens, twelve from Yang Cha Tong, three in the Kol, one from Yang Tyun Ni who could not get there to meet us. Walked inside the city wall in the afternoon: is not a large place, although reported next largest in the north to Kang Kei.

Dec. 2. Started early, went 15 li and stopped an hour at a Christian's house by the road side. Han Chosa examined his wife and son for catechumenate, but did not accept them. The old man seventy-one years old who came from Chiua, went with us to Oui Oun Kol, 90 li, to find his son and tell him of Christ. It was a cold day, and he was feeble. I succeeded in getting him to ride the horse a little, but he said it was too cold for riding. He is a very interesting old man and a sincere believer. We had a good road, only one mountain pass, and arrived at Oui Oun Kol shortly after five P. M.

It is a dilapidated old place, walls and gates all tumbling down. Near the city is a mountain apparently broken by volcanic action, although not recently. Found two or three men apparently interested in the doctrine, but not willing to give up sin. The old man mentioned above, saw his son, but the son would have nothing to do with him; would not allow him to sleep in his house; has persecuted him ever since he believed.

Dec. 3. Started early in the morning: very cold. Crossed streams with horses on ice. Went 50 li to Oui Oun, Syuk Po Tong, where there is a strong group. No baptized people. Staid in a cold room. Examined six for catechumenate in the afternoon. Had service in the evening. Found an interesting case in a boy of sixteen who has become a sincere believer, although his parents and relatives are all opposed to the doctrine and persecute him, sometimes making him work on Sunday: but he is firm and is standing for his new Master.

Dec. 4. After breakfast in the morning we began the examination of catechumens again, examining in all in the group twenty-five, and received sixteen. The people have built a church and are out of debt: the first church building north of Sak Ju Kol. The people are hungry for instruction, very anxious for us to stay longer. Had Bible study in the evening.

Dec. 5. In the morning at 10:30 we had a service and received sixteen catechumens. Had an interesting service, had lunch, and started for Kang Kei Kol. Some of the Christians went with us five li or more to the sunmit of mountain pass, and bade us goodbye, and stood there a half hour or more in the wind and snow watching us as we went down into the deep valley and out of their sight. They were overjoyed that we had come so far to see them, and could hardly bear the thought of our leaving so soon, though we were there

two days. We travelled 60 li in afternoon and at dark arrived at an inn on the summit of a high pass. No other house near. The place was nearly full of travellers, but we succeeded in getting the "chouin" to give us one room. We, all five of us, slept in a room eight by nine feet. The inn-keeper was an interesting old fellow. He had been a "spirit house" keeper for years and seemed disappointed with it all and eagerly drank in the Gospel truth and was ready to give up the old and live the new truth.

Dec. 6. Started early in the morning after selling the old inn-keeper two books and receiving his promise to believe. The day was bitterly cold. After travelling 50 li we came in sight of Kang Kei Kol, toward which we started Nov. 12th. The city is beautifully situated on high ground close to the river, and back of the city is the most beautiful mountain, seeming to throw its arms around the place. The mountain is beautiful because of the complete covering of large pines from base to summit. The large mountain side of dark green contrasted beautifully with the other mountains white with snow. The city is a very business-like place, the largest in the northern mountain district. Found one Christian, who immediately told others of our arrival, and in the afternoon we met about all of the believers. We were put into a sort of private inn, had good rooms. My room had in it the system of spirit worship common in Korea. It consisted of a sort of shrine draped with a curtain. Behind the curtain was a couple of imitation candles, a few rolls of old paper and rags, an old hat, a picture or two, a sort of rude chain, and on the chain was placed a small tablet containing an inscription of some kind, the name of some relative who is dead, and the household worship the spirit of that dead one. Every meal time they bring

in a small table of food, such as they eat themselves, and, opening back the curtain, place the food before these poor dead pieces of man's workmanship, leave it a few minutes, and then take it away, imagining the spirits have partaken, and some member of the family eats the food. It is a pitiful sight, and they are very reverent in the worship and faithful too. Besides this, every room in the house has a bunch of old paper or rags or an old dish containing something the members have designated "quisin." Such is a glimpse into the worship of the Koreans. When the head of a household believes in Christ all these things are destroyed and they realize how vain and foolish have been their lives.

Dec. 7. Spent the day in gathering facts in the history of the growth of the Kingdom in the Kol. The first believer is a young man seventeen years old, and is very active. Another strong believer is a water-carrier. We examined and received five for the catechumenate. One, a woman sixty-one years of age, the mother-in-law of a Christian in Pyeng Yang, is living with her son, not a believer.

The first believer heard the truth a year ago. A man from Pyeng Yang, then a believer and a baptized man, came here to sell medicine, identified himself as a believer, and soon after fell into deep sin, and has hurt the cause here very much. About three years ago a young man of influence heard the truth in Eui Ju, later went to Pyeng Yang, heard more, and bought books. Gathered in the course of two years a band of about 50, had a church or meeting-place, but they did not keep the Sabbath and drank "sul," and a year or more ago, when the persecution arose in China and the Tong Haks began to appear in the north of Korea, this young fellow, not having the solid truth, advised all the band

to not believe longer for fear of their lives, and that was the end of the affair. But, in spite of all these things, the group is a very promising one. Many are just on the point of decision. Many inquirers. No opposition from any quarter. Officials and soldiers apparently much interested. Saw the Kol from the mountain mentioned above: it is the most beautifully situated city I have yet seen in Korea. The most beautiful mountains all around. The city on sloping ground and drainage perfect. Had a Bible study in the evening.

Dec. 8, Sunday. A stormy day, although not snowing very much. Had Bible study in the morning and service and reception of catechumens in the afternoon. The two rooms where the Christians meet were not large enough for the crowd. One room was packed with women, who were very quiet and listened closely. The men's room was full and many standing outside in the courtyard in the snow, all apparently drinking in the truth. Had service again in the evening; well attended.

Dec. 9. Started early in the morning in the snow and travelled all day in a snowstorm. Stopped in a most miserable inn. Travelled 80 li.

Dec. 10. One of the horses sick: had to get a bull to take the load during day, horse going empty. Started early and made first track in about six inches of snow. Hard travelling. 70 li.

Dec. 11. Got another horse, the mapo, Ko, staying behind with sick horse. Travelled 90 li and stopped at Pyeng Tang, where we stopped on the way north. Spent a good night with the little group of believers. During the day shot two ducks and two pink birds.

Dec. 12. Travelled 80 li over a very mountainous road, not being able to ride at all. Shot three pheasants.

Dec. 13. Travelled 80 li, half the day in snowstorm. In the afternoon crossed the high mountain between Cho San and Wonsan Counties, the highest yet crossed, very difficult. When we reached the summit and looked over, we could see in the distance the "Mines Works" and hear the rumbling of machinery. Saw and talked with a few of the Americans at Tabowie, and came on to Puk Chin for the night.

Dec. 14. Second horse tired out and had to get another. Started early in the morning for Chittabalbi.

Mr. Leck's Last Sermon.

THE CHRISTIAN AS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"Ye are the Light of the World." Matthew 5:14.

Jesus Christ was a surprise to the people of his time, they failed to understand him at almost every turn. When he gave utterance to these words known as the Sermon on the Mount, he was well known and highly appreciated in all Galilee; his fame had gone throughout all Syria and I imagine that in every market place where he had been, could be found groups of men talking about that wonderful man that is called Jesus, endeavoring to understand the meaning of the new truths, so freely given them; some of them inclined to join as a follower and others still waiting for more evidence of power. Can this be the King of Israel promised by our fathers? And well might every Jew ask this question so full of meaning, and every time they heard Jesus speak, they eagerly and breathlessly listened for a declaration that he was the long promised King. Every sincere and devout Jew knew the history of his people from the beginning. He knew the occasion of the first reference to a coming deliverer. He well knew how God had led the Jewish fathers, and had given them victory of every opposing force. He knew how they had forgotten God and, as a consequence, had lost all their glory and power as a people. He well knew how they had been driven from their God given home, how they

had been cruelly treated and subjugated by their conquerors, and in addition to all this knowledge was the experience of it all in their present condition of subjugation. They had been down in the darkness and disappointment, and, perhaps, remorse that follows wilful sin for generations, but there was a bright star of hope that always asserted itself at such times. There was to be a King, who should deliver them from the condition of abuse and shame, and restore them to the former glory and position among the powers of the earth. All through the old testament writings, so well known to the educated Jew, we find that darkness is a synonym of the absence of joy and happiness, of the condition of a people in subjugation and without the approval and smile of God, and that light is used to express the idea of happiness of glory, of power.

The Jews were then expecting to be lifted out of the darkness of their present condition on the advent of their expected King, and raised to a position of light and power among their fellow nations of earth. This King came, and, without understanding and appreciating it, the Jews were daily witnessing his work of uplifting and healing. The few men who had chosen to become his followers even did not know the meaning of his life, they thought him to be the coming King, and they daily expected him to declare himself as such. Every truth he uttered was a puzzle to them, so limited was their power of understanding. Every miracle of healing seemed to but throw them into greater confusion of mind, so weak were they in faith. And yet weak and powerless as they seemed to be, he announces to them in clear ringing tones, to be heard by the whole multitude on the mountain side, "Ye are the light of the world."

In all the sayings of our Lord in which he expresses thought by a figure of speech, the good is strikingly contrasted with evil. He says, "Ye are the salt of the earth," the nourishing and strength giving part in contrast to the barren useless soil. "Ye are my witnesses," daring to stand and testify against the wrong under any circumstances, and with, as it would seem, the picture of the great world all shrouded in the dense and black darkness of sin, he says to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." Had they at the time understood the meaning of those words, the deep and far spreading significance of such a thought, it would have dazed them and they would have feared such responsibility.

One of the greatest proofs of the divinity of Jesus is in his deeds that were so unexpected and unheard of by men. In the midst of the universal expectation that a great deliverer was coming to lift Israel out of the darkness of despair, who but God, or his representative, would declare that power to rest in twelve weak and unlettered men. There is no more attractive history than that which shows the shining of those disciples. In spite of all adverse and contrary conditions, the light could not be smothered, and the world today understands the meaning of the light as it was impossible for those early disciples to understand. And with this clear understanding how much these words mean to us, coming as they do from the Master's lips in that clear unmistakable tone, "Ye are the light of the world."

Those disciples were expecting that Jesus was to become the great reforming power. Some of them were anxious for position and honor in the new order of things. In fact the whole Jewish race were expecting that everything would give way to the new King

without any special effort from them. And Christ in the words of our text makes his eager followers believe that the lifting up and the lighting of the world will depend upon them. As we read in history and from the daily press the story of the sad devastations of sin and see the picture of the world in its sad need of some uplifting power, and see every day in our own experience the blighting power of the prince of darkness, we cannot but turn to Christ and hope for some sudden manifestation of his power, for we know that he could by a word make the picture a bright one, and Jesus tells us plainly that however much we may depend upon him, that however great our faith is in his power, that although we may get all our strength and power from him, that after all, "Ye are the Light of the world."

We sometimes try to imagine what this earth would be, were it not for the light and warmth that comes from its light, the sun. All the light that this dark and cold world of sin ever sees comes from some disciple, who has heard the message of our text. To bring the truth nearer, it means that the people in the community where I live will forever be in the cold, black darkness of sin unless my light shines and dispels the gloom.

The Christian life has had a great many figures applied to it. Paul calls it a race, and the comparison is instructive. Again, the Christian is a soldier, and the world admires and reverences the manly ideal soldier; but how much more than all else is the follower of Jesus Christ a light, the light of the world. Have you ever thought how continually, in this age of science, and advance in civilization, the lives of men are dependent upon even the artificial light of man's making? How eagerly the engineer on that midnight train looks through the darkness for the light that tells him of the

condition of the track ahead. All the lives on board that thundering, and apparently madly rushing, midnight train, are utterly dependent upon the lights along the way. Have you ever seen one of those unparalleled Atlantic steamers start out from the harbor with its load of precious lives, with its colors all flying, and with an apparent air of defiance to any storm that may arise, and yet how helpless that proud specimen of power becomes in the fog off some dangerous coast, if perchance, something has happened to that guiding light-house on the shore. The disciple of Christ is "the light of the world." Do we grasp even a slight sense of the responsibility that is ours in such a position?

In this day of great expositions one of the greatest considerations is the one of having the grounds well lighted. I suppose none of us have ever looked at one of those most brilliantly lighted buildings or electric towers, that our minds did not at once think of the machinery and men, away down in obscurity, that manufactured the beauty above, we would at once think of the source of supply. In these great light-houses on our rocky coasts, one of the greatest problems is the provision of the fuel for the light. If that part of the undertaking fails the light dies.

Did any of us ever see a disciple of Christ, whose very countenance was one of light, whose every movement was instructive, whose every word was one of cheer, without at once thinking of the source of such a manner of life? The great problem with the disciple of Christ is fuel for the light, the great secret of his power as a light giving agency is in the source of power, even Christ himself. Christ says in another place, "I am the Light of the world." Blessed be God the Christian is a light that is fed from a never failing

supply. If we are in constant contact with Christ, we will never fail in our mission of being lights in the world. I believe there is nothing more instructive and inspiring in the history of men than the study of their influence on each other. Have we ever thought how much David and Jonathan were alike from their constant intercourse with each other?

To have lived with some of the great men of history would have been a privilege. To have lived with such a man as Socrates must have made one wise. To have lived with Savonarola must have made one strong, but to have lived with Christ must have made one a Christian. And do we not see this truth vividly pictured in Christ and his disciples, and thereby see how Christ, the Light of the world, can be rightly changed in the words of our text, "Ye are the Light of the world." A few raw unspiritual men were admitted to the inner circle of his friendship. The change began at once. We can almost see the first disciples grow; first there is seen the slightest possible evidence of his character, slowly the spell of his life deepens, element after element of their nature is overtaken, subjugated, sanctified. Their manner softens, their words become more gentle, their conduct more unselfish. Their starved humanity bursts into a new life, they do not know how it is, but they are different men. They find themselves going about and doing good. They cannot account for it, but they cannot do otherwise. It came to them to do it, but the people, who criticisingly watch them, whisper, "They have been with Jesus." The mark and seal of his character is upon them. Isn't it marvelous that these poor fishermen should remind other men of Christ.

There is such a close and vital connection between a light and that which produces it, or the source, that

it is known by even the most ignorant and unlettered of men. Who is there that sees a lamp light gradually grow dim and does not know that the oil has all been used. Who is there that sees the electric arc light suddenly disappear and does not know that there is trouble in the power house or the connecting wire. And where is the man who sees a professing disciple of Christ in the midst of the darkness that surrounds fits of doubt and discouragement; where is the man who sees the gloomy, sorrowful countenance in place of the clear awakening one and does not know that there is something wrong between that Christian and Jesus Christ, the source of light. The light that has close connection with, that has his root hid in Christ, can never fade or flicker. A gloomy, often discouraged Christian is an impossibility in the meaning of our text. We are light of the world, that ever shines as a guide and a cheer to those who may come near.

The gospel of our Christ is one of light and cheer and joy. How out of place are such elements of life as discouragement and gloom and dissatisfaction. Such shadows and smothering of light has misled many a would-be follower of our Lord, and all such periods of life arise from a wrong conception of our mission in the world. Go out if you please into the darkness of the midnight storm on one of our small sea coast towns at home, how proudly that large light at the landing shines through the darkness, apparently much stronger than on a clear night, and just as it should be.

Great forces of opposition arise against the servants of Jesus Christ. They do not see the results of labor. Everything seems as black as darkness all around, the cause seems to be lost. Christ knew that his disciples would have just that experience when he uttered the

words of our text. What would be the use of the light if there were not dense darkness? Christ made us the light of the world to shine out and dispel such darkness. If everything were bright and sunshiny around us we would be useless in the world, and when the darkness has all been dispelled and the prince of darkness has been dethroned, and our mission in life has been accomplished, at that time it may be allowable for the Christian to have the blues and thus cover the light, but not before then. We often hear the statement that we reflect the light of Christ, but the Christian is more than a mere reflector. We have been given the responsibility of the light itself. The light of Christ so fills us that we are given the power of lighting other lives, and more too, we are the light, the only light of the world. How full of meaning this truth becomes to us, situated as we are in the very midst of the dense darkness of superstition and total ignorance of Christ.

In what sense are we then the light in the midst of our surrounding darkness? I suppose nothing has more taken the attention and admiration of the Koreans than the electric light plant recently established in Seoul. It is entirely beyond him to realize how one man, by a movement of the hand in the central power house can at once light the whole city. It is a means of lighting as well as of instruction to the Koreans who behold it, but it is a means of instruction to us as well. I learned a great deal about how to do successful missionary work from observations along this line. You noticed that the electric cars did not run in the evening full force, which means that there was not sufficient power for the lights and the cars at one and the same time. The method of lighting is good, the placing of the lights was well planned, as far as the city by day can see the system is perfect; but go to the central

power house and learn that the power has not increased proportionately with the system, and as a consequence the whole system is in confusion.

Now we know there is a system to all our endeavor to light our part of Korea with the light of Christ. From our station as a center the light radiates in all directions. There are currents of influence that connect us with every group of believers, and the connection is a living one.

We spend a great deal of time as to how we can better increase our work, extend our system, where to establish groups, plant lights; but God forbid that we should ever forget that every additional group or light in the out system must mean additional power in the center of it all. Is our light, our power increasing side by side with our system? It requires time but we know how it is done.

Although the system in Seonil has been in operation for some time, even yet can be seen around one of those arc lights a group of people gazing up into the dazzling brightness with the bewilderment of one who suddenly emerges from dense darkness to bright light. That is just such a picture as the disciple of Christ sees every day, as a spiritual light in the midst of darkness.

Where then do we find ourselves as the light of the world? It is right in the midst of men and women of all sorts and conditions. They mass themselves in a struggling seething mass about the places of honor and marts of trade. The shout of those that triumph, the cry of those that faint, breaks upon our ear, the deeds of love, and lust, and hate are wrought out before our eyes; the broken, beaten, crushed fragments of humanity crawl to our feet. The house of mourning and the house of feasting are our neighbors. The wedding

bells mingle their happy notes with the knells of absorbing and selfish sorrow. How real life is and how earnest, and the world is not a dream. And in the midst of all these conditions the one important thing for us is this, that we are not idle spectators or curious students, or accidental companions of these sorts and conditions of men, but we are servants of all.

We, as the light of the world, are ministers to the world's need. Is that a man with a burden? Then our shoulder must go under it beside his. Is that a little one dying of thirst? Then our cup of cold water must be placed to his lips rather than ours. Is that infant crying for the light? Then we must let our light so shine that he may see and glorify our Father in heaven. We are here to preach the gospel, but we are here first to live it, and shine it out among men in every condition. Now in the midst of these conditions of darkness, what hope have we that our light will have any effect? Did a man ever establish a system of lighting a city who did not believe he could light the city? Would God make us the light of the world if we would never be able to light it?

What then does the fact that Christ has declared us to be the light of the world mean? To drive right to the point, it is this: that in every man, in whatever condition in life, is a something that willburst into a flame when touched by the light of the Son of God. The darkness in men is dispelled by the light of our Christ filled lives, darkness must disappear if the light is strong enough, and that throws us back again upon Christ our source of light.

Now all that has been said can be stated in these sentences:

1. We are the light of the world. Men look to us for guidance and for instruction even before they see

Christ and his word.

2. Our power, received from the infinite source of supply, even Christ, must increase in proportion to our enlargement of the plan of work or lighting.

3. We are a light in a world that can be made resplendent with the light of Christ. We the light, Christ our supply.

The world responsive, where is there any room in this Gospel for doubt, or distrust, or weakening of effort, and Christ said, "Ye are the light of the world."

Selections from Letters.

Pyeng Yang, Korea, Dec. 26, 1901.

Your husband was one of the few men in this world about whom I felt that no matter what or when, he could help me to be a better man. I thought so from the first time I met him and my conviction has only deepened with time. He helped me very much.

Rev. Wm. B. Hunt.

Pyeng Yang, Korea, Dec. 27, 1901.

The thought that has been most prominently in my mind with regard to Mr. Leck since Mr. Whittemore's telegram came, is that of the beautiful and pleasing memory of himself which he has left with us all. His year of service here was a beautiful one, so full of good cheer and love, and one so helpful to us all. Deep as is the sorrow, may we not look up through the tears and praise the Lord for his goodness in having given us such a rich blessing for the little sorrow here on earth, and the blessing of such a memory to go with us until all sorrow is lost in the glad joy of the reunion in His own presence. It would be a comfort and a joy to you could you have heard the words of many of the Koreans here, as they prayed for him and for you, and their words of appreciation of his life and love since the news of his departure has come.

Rev. S. A. Moffett, D. D.

Seoul, Korea, Dec. 28, 1901.

Some one was saying yesterday that it was doubtful if any one had ever accomplished so much in his first

year on the field as Mr. Leck had. His life will live on in our hearts and in the hearts of these Koreans who have known and loved him.

Sadie Nourse Wellon.

Pyeng Yang, Korea, Dec. 26, 1901.

Our hearts go out in sympathy for you at this time of well nigh overwhelming grief and sorrow in the loss of your beloved husband, and our friend. Your grief is ours, your sorrow is ours. We had grown to love the one who has left us, he had endeared himself to us all by his manliness, openheartedness, generosity of spirit, and high standard of Christian experience. One short year of service for the Master in Korea, and then eternal happiness with the Saviour whom he loved. Mr. Leck has gone from us, we are poorer without him, but Heaven is richer.

Dr. E. Douglas Follwell.

Pyeng Yang, Korea, Dec. 27, 1901.

He is where all is light and song, and we know not what his song of triumph was as he entered there; but we do know that every one of our number is the better in that we have been permitted to know him. In the one short year and a half, he has not only won all honor and respect, but the utmost confidence and warm, affectionate love of all our mission. His was a short life of active service in the North, but who can know of the results and the seed sown until that day when all shall be revealed.

Eliza M. Howell.

Pyeng Yang, Korea, Dec. 27, 1901.

We all loved Mr. Leck and our sense of loss is great. Last night at prayer meeting, as we sang some of the hymns that he used to sing, it seemed as if we heard

the glad ring of his voice in the "grander sweeter song," the song of triumph in the presence of the Lamb. Those thirteen men from across the Chinese border that he received as eateelhumens, and the multitude of others that heard the glad tidings for the first time from his lips, are his heritage in this land, and he has entered into the full knowledge of the Father's plan for saving the lost ones.

Margaret Best.

Bayfield, Wis., Jan. 23, 1902.

You know I never met Mr. Leck but the once when he was back at Macalester in 1900. He made such a deep impression upon my mind as he spoke at the banquet. His request for us never to forget you and him when you left for the foreign field, effected me to such an extent that since then never a night passed without you in my thoughts as I sent up my evening petition. I have thought since if a passing acquaintance made such a deep impression, how his life must have told for Christ.

Louise Nourse.

Cornpore, India, Mar. 4, 1902.

I shall always recall with a feeling of inspiration his fine face and happy, gladsome manner.

Rev. Sylvanus M. Gillam.

Marsovan, Turkey, Feb. 6th, 1902.

I feel as if I knew George very well indeed after our three years together at Auburn. For, as you know, we sang together in the quartet, we sat together at our meals, we played together on the football team and rode our wheels together; we were together in the choir, as well as in the Student Volunteer Band. I knew him in all his moods and tenses and loved him

in them all. We used to study together too, and read together; and the very mail that brought the news of his death, brought also our class letters, the "Robin" with its letter from him among them. A short time ago I received from him direct the printed report of Pyeng Yang Station, which I enjoyed very much. So you see many cords bound us together, aside from the one great bond of a common work. And I had the pleasure also of seeing you, which added greatly to my ability to picture you both beginning your life work in Korea.

But now his work is done. We should not have called it done, for he seemed to have such a grand future before him in your new station; but God saw that his work was done, and He called him home. Of course we mourn, though not as those that have no hope. What a bright crown he will wear, who was always doing good! It never seemed to me there was the slightest trace of selfishness about George, he always thought first of others. I am sure that even in the brief period since you went to Pyeng Yang, you must have found that he made a very warm place for himself in the hearts of all, though that is not the best way to put it, for he would never try to gain such an end for himself.

There have been several friends of mine that have been suddenly taken away at the very beginning, as it seemed to us, of their missionary course. Three An-burn men, George Stone in Arabia, Leonard Davidson in the Philippines, and now your George. And among the China martyrs at Pao-ting-fu was my college classmate Dr. Hodge, who had been there less than a year, I believe. What does God mean to teach us by these inexplicable plans? Is it to trust less to the individual soldier and more to the great Captain of our salvation?

Or is it perhaps a means of raising up more volunteers for the front? Or is it to give us, their friends, a stronger bond with heaven and heavenly things?

"I cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is Love."

Rev. Charles Trowbridge Riggs.

Chittabalbi, Korea, Jan. 1, 1902.

I am sorry that an illness confining me to bed for several days has prevented my writing you about Mr. Leck's fatal illness.

You have my sincerest sympathy in your great affliction, as I can realize how great must be your loss, because I had the opportunity to see what a noble man was your husband in time of tribulation and death. He bore his sufferings like a true martyr, and heroically battled against the disease, following implicitly the directions of his attendants, and let no complaint escape him even of the necessary absence of you, his wife. His uppermost thought was how you must suffer at being separated from him at such a time, but he knew it to be necessary and for the best.

When your letter arrived he was too sick to read it himself, so I read it to him. I am sure he was not afraid to die; when the very serious nature of his illness became apparent, he asked me one day what his condition really was, I said to him, "You are a pretty sick man." He simply replied quietly, "I thought so," showing that he fully realized his condition before I told him. During the last few days he was partly unconscious and so suffered no pain.

It seems a great pity that such a fine man should be cut off in his prime, but our poor infinite minds cannot understand the inscrutable mysteries of God, the Infinite.

Franklin Palmer, M. D.

Macalester College.

There was no respect in which the college was not better off because of his presence in it. It seemed to me that he had so schooled himself to follow his Christian convictions that the usual temptations of young men had little influence upon him. His memory at Macalester is pure and fragrant.

Dr. Jas. Wallace.

Clifton Springs, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1902.

I grieve for the mission, especially for the station. What a loss this is to Mr. Whittemore! He must feel that an arm has been cut off and that his expected work is crippled. You have the great comfort among others that your precious husband, though on the field so short a time, had already made a good record, had made good progress in the language, had won the confidence and love of his associates and the Board, and that he has at last, as we believe, won the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

F. F. Ellinwood, D. D.

San Rafael, Cal. Jan. 10, 1902.

From a heart too full for any word of my own, I send those of another, praying for you with every thought, that, through all the days, as the beloved of the Lord, you may dwell in safety by him; that the Lord may cover you all the day long, and, like Benjamin of old, you may dwell between his shoulders. Deut. 33:12.

NOT CHANGED BUT GLORIFIED.

Not changed but glorified! Oh beauteous language
For those who weep,
Mourning the loss of some dear face departed,
Fallen asleep;
Hushed into silence, nevermore to comfort

The hearts of men,
Gone like the sunshine of another country
 Beyond our ken.

Oh dearest dead, we saw thy white soul shining
 Behind the face,
Bright with the beauty and celestial glory
 Of an immortal grace.
What wonder that we stumble faint and weeping,
 And sick with fears,
Since thou hast left us all alone with sorrow,
 And blind with tears?

Can it be possible no words shall welcome
 Our coming feet?
How will it look, that face that we have cherished,
 When next we meet?
Will it be changed, so glorified and saintly,
 That we shall know it not?
Will there be nothing that will say, "I love thee
 And I have not forgot?"

Oh faithless heart, the same loved face transfigured
 Shall meet thee there;
Less sad, less wistful, in immortal beauty
 Divinely fair.
The mortal veil washed pure with many weepings
 Is rent away,
And the great soul that sat within its prison
 Hath found the day.

In the clear morning of that other country,
 In Paradise,
With the same face that we have loved and cherished,
 He shall arise!
Let us be patient, we who mourn with weeping,
 Some vanished face,

The Lord has taken but to add more beauty
And a diviner grace.

And we shall find once more, beyond earth's sorrows,
Beyond these skies,
In the fair city of the "sure foundations"
Those heavenly eyes
With the same welcome shining through their
sweetness
That met us here;
Eyes from whose beauty God has banished weeping
And wiped away the tears.

Think of us, dearest one, while o'er life's waters
We seek the land,
Missing thy voice, thy touch and the true helping
Of thy pure hand,
'Till through the storm and tempest safely anchored
Just on the other side,
We find thy dear face looking through death's
shadows,
Not changed, but glorified.

Alice Fish Moffett.

Resolutions.

Jan. 26, 1902.

From the Student Volunteer Band of Macalester
College to our beloved sister in the Lord, Mrs. Frances
Leck.

We desire to express to you our heartfelt sympathy
in your late bereavement in the death of your beloved
husband and fellow-worker.

We feel that by the death of Mr. Leck we have been
deprived of a friend, and although he was personally
known to but few of us, his faithful adherence to his
purpose has been an inspiration to us all, and we be-

lieve that the cause of missions has been greatly strengthened here because he was found faithful.

We are assured that although our esteemed brother has passed from this life to a higher service with the Father, yet the influence of his life still continues on earth and will continue until the coming of our Lord Jesus.

We know how inadequate are any words to express the feelings of our hearts, but thanks be to God for the gift of communion, through which, though separated by great distance, we can gather round the great altar, and there in the presence of the all-wise Father, give and receive comfort and balm for every sorrow, in heart to heart communion.

We pray the Father for you, that you may be given strength to bear your affliction bravely and that others may be raised up to carry on the work which Mr. Leck has been called upon to leave.

Yours in love,

The Volunteer Band.

Macalester College, June 10, 1902.

Our heavenly Father having in His wisdom taken home our beloved friend and comrade, George Leck, from a life of happy and useful service, we desire, as members of the Alumni Association of Macalester College, to record our appreciation of our friend's devoted life and our personal sense of loss in his death, and to express to Mrs. Leck, and to Mr. Leck's parents and relatives, our sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement.

For the Association,

Nellie F. Sherwin,

Clarence D. Baker,

Anna Moore Dickson.

Whereas:—Brother George Leck has been called to his reward, and his home plunged into grievous mourning; and, Whereas:—The Presbyterian Mission has been called to mourn the loss of a most efficient fellow laborer:—

Resolved:—that we, the members of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Pyeng Yang, Korea, express our united sorrow and personal grief, and pray that our Father's comforting grace be given to Mrs. Leck and the Presbyterian mission in this hour of trial.

Resolved:—That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Pyeng Yang Station of the Presbyterian Mission, and a copy to Mrs. Leck in Syen Chun.

Committee: W. A. Noble,
Ethel M. Estey.

Seoul, Korea, Oct. 1902,

Whereas:—Our Heavenly Father in His good Providence has seen fit to remove from our number our beloved brother, George Leck,

Resolved:—That we, the members of our Mission in session, express our deep sorrow in the loss of this devoted worker, and our appreciation of the work he had already accomplished. He was a man most capable in natural abilities, earnest in his desire to do God's will, faithful in the discharge of all duties, and a man marked in the sweetness and amiability of his disposition.

We wish to express our implicit trust in Almighty God in all His dealings with us, and to Mrs. Leck's relatives in America our sincerest sympathy in the deep sorrow they have sustained.

We request that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and copies be sent to Mrs. Leck and Mr. Leck's parents.

A. M. Sharrocks,
Graham Lee, Committee.

Pyeng Yang, Korea, Jan. 7, 1902.

Whereas:—God in His wisdom and love has called unto Himself our friend and fellow-worker, the Rev. George Leck, and our hearts, while bowing to His holy will and acknowledging His loving purpose, are sorrowing for the loss that has come to Mr. Leck's family, Syen Chun Station, the Board, ourselves, and the work of the Master in Korea,

Resolved:—That we express to Mrs. Leck in her hour of sorrow, our deepest sympathy, our appreciation of her husband's life and labor of love among us, our gratitude for the privilege of having known him and been influenced by his strong, sweet, wholesome personality, and our prayer that the Father will give to her His sweetest comfort and support.

That we extend to the parents, whose willing hearts gave their first-born son to the Master's work in a foreign land, to the brothers, sisters and relatives our sincerest sympathy and the assurance that his life will long be a benediction to Korean and missionary alike, because of its helpfulness and true Christian manliness. May the peace of God and the presence of the Comforter be theirs to soothe their grief.

That we express to the members of Syen Chun Station our sympathy in the loss they have sustained as individuals and as a Station. The bond of union between the two Stations, already strong, is strengthened by our common grief, and common realization of the great loss that has come to the Church of Christ in North Korea, and our prayer is for strength to meet the need.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Leck, to the family of Mr. Leck in America, to Syen Chun Station, and a copy be spread upon the Station minutes. Respectfully submitted,

W. L. Swaller,
Margaret Best, Committee.

“Rugged strength and radiant beauty,
These were one in nature’s plan.
Humble toil and heavenward duty,
These will form the perfect man.”



